

Busta Rhymes, Cha Cha Cha

(intro / spliff star):

Hah...

Rah digga...

Spliff star...

Flipmode...

In ya face nigga...

You wanna battle nigga...

(spliff star):

Yo, yo, yo!

It's my time to shine and I'm a shine bright

Sodomize the mic

Get the crowd hype

Make 'em want to fight

You see the rhymes I construct

The flows I conduct

It f**ked up the party like somebody got bucked

Nigga word!

I lays it down flat like a door mat

Get head in every state wherever I toured at

Spliff ah spliff

Duh-ty nigga what the undisputed

Counting traps

Taking trip out the cacilac

Smokin' quan-quan

Doggie style chicks in the montreaon

Cracking many bar

F**k it

Nigga grab an averon

Me spliff, be the f**king tailor of my fashion

F**k what niggas think

Watch a nigga turn platinum

(chorus / busta rhymes):

Ya'll niggas wanna get down

Ya niggas wanna battle

Eh, what y'all wannna do

Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down

Ya niggas wanna battle

Just what y'all wannna do

Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down

Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya niggas wanna battle

Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Eh what y'all wannna do

Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Cha cha cha cha cha cha cha

(rah digga):

Digga, digga

First name rahshea

Sweetest person had no idea

Just like that honey flipped three times

With nickles and dime staking rhymes by the eon

Situation around the way with my women

Looking spiffy wit the vendi type linen

Totin' herbals

We got papers like staples

Marla marples

Didn't think I could take you

Confrontation now niggas wanna run up
Trying to flex muscle on a bitch tring to come up
Rhymes hotter than concrete statues in eygpt
Roll they ass out like they parapilegic
Boy! I got shit for the brain
You faker than them new heads calling me by my nickname
I shatter an ego quick
I be that chick
The wrong niggas gonna be round to see that shit

(chorus / busta rhymes):
Ya'll niggas wanna get down

Ya niggas wanna battle
Eh, what y'all wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Ya niggas wanna battle
Eh, what y'all wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Ya niggas wanna battle
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Eh, what y'all wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Cha cha cha cha cha cha cha cha

(baby sham):
Get the royal blue nab and swing my way
On some real party shit if you hold your way
I can hold mine
You wanna battle blow some lines
Rocks gleam on the top of my wrist
You want this
Be the same dude that hop on the pubic splits
You can't hold this
You jealous cause ya shorty want this
Dig her back out in front of my crib
Her man staked out
On the rare the cloud sh...shut your mouth
What you chap 'bout, the same shit
Been on for chris
The style got you twist up
Walk wit face ice grilled up
Some cat pulled up in a black surburb
Let me move first so I can park my shit on the curb
Ya moves slow get bashed in from q.b. to aspen
I'm short for reason
You spoke and should have passed that
Don't ask my age cause the world made me like that
Blast a hole in ya face soon as my nine cock back

(chorus / busta rhymes):
Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Ya niggas wanna battle
Eh, what y'all wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Ya niggas wanna battle
Let's, what y'all wannna do

Na cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Ya niggas wanna battle
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Eh, what y'all wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Cha cha cha cha cha cha cha cha

(outro / busta rhymes):

Yeah...

Rah digga...

Sliff star...

Baby sham...

Flipmode squad nigga...

F**k is the deal...

'98 shit...

'99 shit...

2000 shit...

2001 shit...

2002 shit...

Eternal shit motherf**ker...

Stay tuned...